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A N
O D E,
ADDRESSED TO THE
SCOTCH JUNTO, &c.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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A N
O D E,

ADDRESSED TO THE

Scotch Junto, and their American Commission,

ON THE LATE

Q U A R R E L

BETWEEN

Commissioner *Ed-n* and Commissioner *J-hnst-ne* :

With some digressive STANZAS on the late political Conduct of certain
ministerial Dependents and their *Feeders*.

——— Shall We *fall out* for *Toys*,
And shall *good News* be baffled ?
Then, *Pistol*, lay thy Head in *Fury's Lap*.

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. BEW, in Pater - Noster - Row.

1778.

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O D E

Scott's Emulsion and other American Compositions

U A R E L



When some digestive system is used the product of certain
nutritional elements and their bodies

—Stand We for the
And for good when the
Then, I hope, my friend in your
GARRISON

L O N D O N
Printed by J. D. W. in Park-Notre-Dame
1871

A N O D E, &c.

HAIL, sov'reign Thane!—All hail, *Macbeth**,
And *Banquo*†! who with pois'nous Breath
Our drooping State infect!
Your *Carlo*‡, too, who notes your Will
With *Faction*'s || most obsequious Quill,
Shall share his due Respect.

* The omnipotent *Laird* B-te.

† Whether this should be written *Banquo*, or *Banco*, let the pettifogging *Scotch* Philologers in *Banco-Regis* determine.

‡ *Carlo*, the Name of a Dog, and also of the *confidential Secretary* to the *Scotch Junto*. If *Charles Jenkyns* were to write to his Masters, he could not do less than subscribe himself (as *Villiers* did to *James I.*) their faithful *Dog Carlo*.—Dean *Swift* entertained the same Idea of *Court-Sycophants*, as appears by this Inscription of his on the Collar of one of the late Prince of Wales's *Pointers* at Kew:

“I am his Highness' *Dog* at Kew:

“Pray tell me, Friend, whose *Dog* are you?”

Pliny seems more of a Friend to *Dogs* than the *Dean*, at least to *serviceable Dogs*—He says they are “*fidelissima Auxilia*”—and, by Way of Preference to *human Dogs*, he adds—“*nec Stipendiorum indiga*”—“They are most faithful *Assistants*”—and, what is better still—“They want no *Salaries*, or *Pensions*.”

|| *Court-Faction*'s.

B

Rome

Rome once, as Men of Letters know,
Was doom'd by Heav'n to undergo

A like *Triumvirate* :

Whilst each ap'd *patriotic Zeal*,
Their joint Intention was to steal
The Treasures of the *State*.

Never were Subjects so proscrib'd,
Or hungry Senators so brib'd ;

Three Knaves were worse than *Ten** :

Octavius all *B-te*'s Changes rung † ;

Mark Antony had *M--sf---d*'s Tongue ;

Lepidus, *Carlo*'s Pen.

To mend *Britannia*'s sad Condition,

Our *Junto* sent out their *Commission*

Without one good Design ;

* The *Decemvirs*.

† By practising, and hiring *Tools* to practise, the basest Arts and *Stratagems* against the Reputations and *Lives* of all whom he thought his Enemies. *B-te*, indeed, had but one *Wilkes*—*Octavius* had many—and he, with as much Presumption as *B te*, *usurped* all the Rights and Powers of *Senate*, *Magistrates*, and *Laws* :—*Munia Senatus, Magistratum, Legum*, in se traxit. *TACIT Annal. L. i. §. 2.*

Unless to catch *Atlantic* Flies *,
Or from *victorious* Colonies
Bring home a Pipe of Wine †.

If *Omens* are of any Force,
No *Delegates* e'er took a Course
So sure to gain Contempt:
State-Quacks, whose Arrogance obtrudes
Nostrums for civil Feuds, from Feuds
Shou'd show *themselves* exempt.

O *Ed-n!* how cou'dst thou provoke
A Lamb so meek in *Scottish* Yoke ‡!
O! how cou'dst thou secrete

* Q. Whether these *Atlantic* Flies may not raise worse Blisters on our Body Politic than *Spanish* Flies?—Methinks, our political *Quacks* should have considered this well at their first Consultation.

† At *New-York* they drink the very best *Madeira*, much coveted by English *Turtle-Eaters*; in whose Number we may, no Doubt, reckon our domineering *Thane* and his *Assessors*.

‡ The Author has no more Doubt of Mr. *J-hnst-ne*'s sound Understanding than the rest of the World; but, as *Shakespeare* says, "He that is so yoked by a Fool, methinks shou'd not be chronicled for wise."

Thy

ODE TO THE SCOTCH JUNTO.

Thy Cards from Brother *J-hnst-ne*'s Eye*,
 Or think one *Scotchman* cou'd not spy
 Another *Scot*'s Deceit!

Altho' *Britannia* may be blind,
 That both *your Honours* play behind
B-te's Screen she plainly feels †:
 Yet why shou'd one pay no Respect
 To t'other *Scout*, whilst both neglect
C-rl--le's *vermilion'd Heels* ‡?

O! why are these Diffentions form'd?
 'Gainst *Ed-n* why is *J-hnst-ne* warm'd?
 Can *Brothers Brothers* || strike?

* By making *secret* Overtures in Obedience to private Instructions from the *Scotch Junto*.

† It has long been suspected, but is now generally believed, that a certain *seemingly patriotic* Com----r has all along carried secret Intelligence to *B-te* of the intended Proceedings of the *Minority*, from Time to Time, and continually betrayed the Confidence of that Party which he *appeared* to espouse.

‡ Those irresistable Graces to the well-studied Movements of a *Cotillon*.

|| See the *brotherly* Quarrel between those two celebrated Colleagues *Lockit* and *Peackum* in the Beggar's Opera.

Why

ODE TO THE SCOTCH JUNTO.

5

Why shou'd one *Scot* in furious *Pother*
Thus rashly criminate another,
When both are—*Scots* alike?

When *Ed-n* fail'd, *Ch--les J-nk-nf-n*
Thought half his *Master's** Work was done
By this pert *Understrapper* :
He knew such *Petulance*† wou'd serve
The *Tory Cause* with ev'ry Nerve;
When rous'd by *J-hnst-ne's Flapper* ‡.

J-hnst-ne took Fire, in Flame flew off,
And soon became the *Yankee's* Scoff;
The *Congress* kindly cry'd him || :
Publishing, out of pure Regard,
A more than adequate Reward
To those who first espy'd him.

* *Laird B-te's.*

† This Colouring is from the *Life*.

‡ See *Swift's* Voyage to the *Strullbrugs*, where every great Man keeps a *Flapper*.

|| A *Fact*—This *lost Commissioner* was actually *cry'd*, and a Reward offered by the *American Congress* for bringing him back to his disconsolate *Brother-Commissioners*.

With Eyes of Pity they beheld,
 Disjoin'd, insulted, and *repell'd*,
 B-te's Eo, Meo, Reo * ;
 And try'd, with Christian-like Respect,
 All Means, together to collect
 This difunited *Trio*.

Which of the *Three* is *Tail*, or *Middle*,
 Is not so easy to unriddle ;
 But this may yet be said,
 With Truth, that *B-te's* ill-farr'd *Commission*,
 Whose *Pupil* † once spurn'd all *Condition*,
 Sail'd forth without a *Head*.

Ed-n was charg'd with all *B-te's* Store
 Of *Secrets* ‡—Colleagues were no more
 Than *Cyphers* in the Case ;

* See the Farce of *Duke and no Duke* :—" Follow me, Boys"—" Stick close—close, Boys."

† The ostensible *Caput*.—A *Thing* made of *Straw* (as *Swift* says) will do to fright away the *Crows*.—No bad Type of empty *Perseverance*.

‡ As *Under-Secretary* to the *Junto*—formerly Secretary to Lord *S-f-lk*.—He stoops now to call the American Congress their *Excellencies*—his former Master called them *Vagrants*.

Tho'

Tho' in *N-rtb's* List they rank as *Men*—
 Tho' *C--l--le* boasts his diamond Pen *,
 And *J-bnft-ne* lends his Face.

Some Actors thro' each Scene must last,
 On some the *meanest* Parts are cast,
State-Mutes to fill the Play :
 'Tis true, they blazon not the Bill
 In rubric *Capitals*, but still
 These *Shades* receive their *Pay*.

Thus in the *Council-Scene* some Duke
 Of *Venice*, grac'd with huge *Peruke*,
 To *all* lays down the Law † :
 The rest appear no more to join
 In carrying on the main Design
 Than Senators of *Straw*.

* As a noble Author, or extempore Poet, upon passive *Panes* of *Glass*.
 —His *L--dsh-p* is particularly proud of this natural Turn of his towards
*minnick*ing Poetry, and his Works of this Kind are numerous—They have
 already outlived his *Fortune*; whether they will survive his seeming *Prin-*
ciples, Time and *Necessity* will determine.

† As in *Shakespeare's* Merchant of Venice.

But,

But, to vamp out theatric Show,
Snuffers and *Sweepers* form a Row

In *Council* or *Procession* :

So *ministerial Stop-Gaps* yield
 On any Terms to take the Field,
State-Lacqueys by Profession* :

Mere *Turn-Spits* in the *Junto's* Wheel,
 Consol'd at last for what they feel

By an *Exchequer-Sop* :

In Hopes of this they plod their Round ;
 But Woe be to the *Cur* that's found
 So restive as to *stop*.

Yet, diff'ring from their *Brother-Dogs*,
 Whom Cook and Scullion often flogs,
 Their craving Inclination

* Compelled by Depravity, Extravagance, Want, ministerial Temptation, and every Motive but real *Principle* ; which, in profligate and needy Men, is easily silenced by the irresistible Charms of eloquent *Corruption*. Hence *State-Vassals* offer themselves for *Sale*, like other *Prostitutes*.

Throws

Throws them for ever in the Way
To tread the Wheel—What *Tool* can say
This of the *Brute Creation*?

Dogs hate such servile Work, and fly,
As sure as odious Noon draws nigh,
From greasy *Joan*'s keen Sight;
Whilst fawning *Courtiers* wag their Tail,
Coax, cringe, and wheedle, to prevail
For *Jobs*, Morn, Noon, and Night,

Together by the Ears they fall,
Neither, unless he ravens *all*,
Contented with *his own*:
As fast as hungry Wolves they eat,
Or rather *boult*, *B-te*'s offal Meat,
Then quarrel for the Bone.

D

A *Leash*

A *Leash** of these, by *Folly* sent,
 Howl forth, now all her Means are spent,
 That cloy'd *Revenge* will stoop
 To drop her Crest, late rear'd by *Pride*,
 To lay her *Thunderbolts* aside,
 And truckle like a *Dupe*.

Vile *Politicians* in vile Days!
 Could Shades departed hear my Lays,
 Shrewd *Walsingham* should rise;
 And frugal *Burleigh*, with his Staff †,
 At all your pigmy Councils laugh,
 So shrunk in Sense and Size.

* Sportsman's Term for *three* Dogs in Couplers. The Author takes no Notice of the other Commissioners, as they were named merely for Form-fake. One of the *Howes* is now in England, and the other has somewhat else to do than to exhibit himself as a *Trifler* in this *ridiculous Commission*. *Three* of these make a *Quorum*, and this *Quorum* is the *Leash* here celebrated. There was a like *Leash* sent out in the *Cerberus* at the Beginning of the *fatal* American War, which we began *ourselves*, at the Instigation of the *Hierarchy* in England and Scotland—which we must end by withdrawing our Troops and truckling to Independence and a *Peace* with *France*.

† As Lord-Treasurer.

ODE TO THE SCOTCH JUNTO.

11

In vain they'd search weak *Priam's* Phiz
To find the Lines of wise *Eliz.* :

Some *F--ls* each Knave outreaches,
Who will but call himself *their Friend*—
Enough of *these*—Kind Heaven, send
Another *Befs* in Breeches!

Neither of *France* nor *Spain* afraid,
She sacrific'd to *vain Parade*

No Sinews of the *State*,
Launching *gilt Toys* on *Folly's* Tide;
But bid her Fleets *victorious* ride,
In Glory *truly great*.

Fool'd by a *Caledonian P--r**,
She never stopp'd her *Patriot-Ear*
Against *Britannia's* Groan:

* A late very great Personage, most deservedly respectable, pointing to *Laird B-te*, cried out, "That *Fellow*, when I am gone, will lead my *Grandson* by the Nose."—Ask Lord *Rockford*.

The

The naval World all bow'd * before
 Her Fleets—I'll tell a *S--dw-ch* more ;
 The *Ocean* was *her own* †.

Her Ammirals were not sent forth
 Without Attention to their Worth,
 And *England's* rising Fame :
 Happy for this lost Nation still,
 If, disregarding *B-te's* high Will,
S--dw-ch cou'd say the same ‡.

So *Keppel* thinks—whose Armament
 With but *one* Suit of Sails was sent. ||
 Our Glory to increase :

* No gasconading *French* Commander dared *then* to refuse a *Salute* to the *British* Flag.

† At present the *English*, alas ! are not Masters even of the *British* Channel.

‡ Q. Who affirmed in the H. of L--ds that he should think it Matter of *Impeachment* against any *First Lord of the Admiralty* who could not turn out a naval Force superior to *France* and *Spain* united ?—Has it been done ?—Can it be done ?—Who has impudently insulted *Great-Britain* with an audacious *Lie* ?

|| A well-known Fact, though the French always fire at the *Rigging*.—Had *Keppel* been properly fitted out, he had blocked up the French Fleet, instead of being obliged to return a *second Time* for Want of Rigging, &c.
 —Lord.

Excell'd in Number and in Strength,
Not fit to fail a Cable's Length,
Unless in Search of *Peace*.

Peace is the Jewel meanly fought,
At any Rate by *Cowards* bought*;
In ev'ry *Stuart's* View
The dearest Thing on Earth—'twill suit,
At any Price, the Ends of *B-te*
And all his *Tory-Crew*.

God's Death †! my Lord ‡, *Elizabeth*
Had stopp'd your *Sal'ry* and your *Breath*,
If you had thus forgot

—Lord *S--dw-ch's* little *Ray-Cutter* is better fitted out and rigged—*One*
Suit will not serve *her*—No—we see this favourite *Pleasure-Boat* of the
Admiralty sailing (as *Milton* says)

“ With all her Bravery on and Tackle trim;

“ Sails fill'd, and *Streamers* waving.”

* A good Price was offered for it in *B-te's* pitiful Administration, when
England, in the Midst of Success, towards the Close of the last War,
might have humbled the Insolence of *France* for half a Century to come.

† The Oath of *Q. Elizabeth* when irritated.

‡ Apostrophe—to Lord *S--dw-ch*, alias *Jemmy Twitcher*.

E

Your

Your Duty in her glorious Reign ;
 Nor had you longer here in vain
 Continued still to *rot*.

But *She* sent out to Sea no *Shams* :
 She had her *Burleighs*, *Walsinghams*,
 In Council—Her brave *Howard**,
 Like *Keppel*, *Britain's* Ensign † show'd ;
 His Blood as warm as *Keppel's* glow'd ‡
 At Sight of *Knave* or *Coward*.

Did *Howard* ever take Delight,
 More than his Queen, in *Burlesque Fight* || ?
 Did She at *Portsmouth* dread

* The immortal *English* High-Admiral, who destroyed the *invincible* Armada of *Spain*.

† Admiral *Keppel*, on going on Board in Search of the *Brest* Fleet, called all his Officers together, and, pointing to the *Flag*, then flying, told them he was determined not to lose *that* but with his Life.

‡ For an Explanation of this, let Lord *S--dw-ch* declare what passed between him and Admiral *Keppel*, in the Cabin of the *Victory*, when he was obliged, the *first* Time, to put back into Harbour—on Account of *what*?—say, my Lord!

|| Mock naval Engagements—r---l *Raree-Shows*.

To have *fine Shows* obscur'd by *Storms*,
 And, lost to *Fame*, tho' dup'd by *Forms*,
 A *naval Pageant* head?

No—*Spain**, astounded, felt her Weight;
 With Spirit equal to her State

She wore the *British* Crown:
 A *Briton-born*†, with *British* Blood,
 For *public*, not for *private* Good,
 In Arms She fought Renown.

Virginia‡, (who at Length canst breathe
Untax'd, and crown'd with *Freedom's* Wreath,)
 Hadst thou thy Suff'rings shown

* When her *invincible* Armada was attacked by *Howard*.

† She did not emptily vaunt of her being a *Briton-born*, when her Actions spoke the *contrary*; but the since unequalled Wisdom of her Government declared her to be a *Briton*.

‡ This Colony was thus named in Compliment to *Q. Elizabeth*; a Colony which for many Years past has brought to *Great-Britain* a neat Profit of 300,000*l.* a Year, exclusive of *Exports* to more than twice that Amount, one Year with another: Yet the *ministerial* Runners, and *pensioned Pamphleteers*, have the Effrontery to depreciate the Importance of the *American Colonies* to the Mother-Country, even taking them *collectively*. Thus an impudent *Lie* is to palliate the wicked Policy of their *Masters*.

Beneath

Beneath thy *Queen's* parental Smile,
 No *Scottish* Treachery, or Guile,
 Had chac'd thee from the *Throne*.

No Subjects *unredress'd*, I ween,
 By *England's* best-beloved Queen,
 When *real Oppression* urg'd,
 Had with *Sultannic* Rage been ey'd
 By mean, despotic, *courtly* Pride,
 And from her Prefence scourg'd.

What Parent to *Despair* yet drove
 Children entitled to her Love
 By ev'ry tender Claim;
 Heard injur'd *Colonies* complain
 Beneath *Fire, Famine, Sword*—to gain
 By *Force** a *Tyrant's* Name?

* A certain *ostensible* Prime Minister repeatedly declared in the H—
 of C-mm-ns, that the Government did not contend for the Point of *Right*,
 but for *Power*.---Pensionary *Johnson* enforces the same pitiful, impolitic
 Idea in his vile *Tory-Treatise, Taxation no Tyranny*.

Ne'er

Ne'er did *Eliza* so dispense
Justice against all Shame and Sense:
 She ne'er had so rebell'd
 Against her *Conscience*, as to throw
 Whole Nations into Scenes of Woe
Unheard, and yet *repell'd*.

With less than *Punic** Faith had She,
 Secure in her *Iniquity*,
 On sacred *Charters* trod?
 Despotic *Rage* for *Rule* mistook,
 And o'er three injur'd Millions shook,
 Like *Amurath*†, her Rod?

* *Punica Fides*—a well-known Proverb.—If a *present* Sovereign should violate the Faith of his *Predecessor* unjustly, he weakens *his own* Faith and Authority at the same Time, which in Point of Weight and Obligation cannot be greater than his *Predecessor's*, or more *sacred*—Nothing can render a Government *so odious*.

† A *tyrannic Sultan* of that Name.—All these *insolent Despots* of the East lord it over their Fellow-Creatures, as Heaven's *Vicegerents*, upon *Laird B-te's* Principles, who has the greatest Contempt for the *People*—“*Odi profanum Vulgus, et arceo*”—should be his Motto, and his *Pupil's*.

Had *S--f-lk**, in *Eliza*'s Reign,
Tho' blest with *Cecil*'s stronger Brain,

Prefum'd but to dispute
The Guilt of giving *British* Lives
To *Tomahawks*, and *Scalping-Knives*,
One Frown had struck him mute.

But had a *W--stc-te*† then devis'd
How *Masters*, by their *Slaves* surpriz'd

In *Sleep*, might be betray'd;
And fall, ensnar'd by friendly Guise,
An unprepared Sacrifice

To r---l Fury made:

Or had thy *Bribery*, *D-nm-re*,
Op'ning to *W--stc-te*'s Plot the Door,
In better Times been known;

* This ministerial Babbler was not ashamed, in a *great Assembly*, to become an Advocate for the Government's calling *Tomahawks* and *Scalping-Knives* into their Service against the injured and repulsed *Americans*: Yet how is *your vagrant Congress* fixed! and how are the *mighty* fallen! my good Lord?

† Governor *L--t-lt-n*, to the eternal Disgrace of that Name, since created Lord *W--stc-te*.—N. B. *Sola nobilitat Virtus*—is a Motto not applicable to every *new-made* Lord.

True Piety * had hid her Face,
 And spurn'd with Horror and Disgrace
 Such *Cut-Throats* from the Throne †.

Virtue alone ennobles Man :
 Nor *Machiavel's* nor *M---f---d's* Plan,
 Nor *B-te's* nor *G-----'s* Smile,
 Diffusing *Titles* ‡, can dispense
 Such Comforts as that moral Sense
 Which faves the Soul from *Guile* ||.

Whilst *Guilt*, fed by the faithless Hand
 Of *Tyranny*, infects *one* Land
 Where black *Corruption* thrives ;

* Yet this is the Age of well-dissembled *Piety* at C---t.—See *Junius's* Letters.

† What is here asserted of these two *Cavaliers* is founded in *notorious* Truth—Credite, *Posteri* !

——“ Quid *Domini* facient, audent cum talia *Fures* ? ”——

‡ Never were *new-created Nobility* so plentiful since the *pitiful* and *rapacious* Reign of *James* the First—A *Commoner* can hardly spit out at a Window now, for Fear of committing a Breach of Privilege on some *new-made* Lord.

|| So thought the late excellent Lord *Lyttelton*, who therefore nobly rejected every *ministerial* Temptation.

In *others*, Virtue, striking Root,
 Bursts forth in many a vig'rous Shoot,
 Tho' prun'd with *Scalping-Knives**.

Who, in th' historic Page of Time,
 Has view'd *Britannia* in her Prime;
 (Of late how chang'd! how shrunk!)
 Can he, without a Tear, survey
 Her more than gradual Decay,
 Her mutilated Trunk †?

Stretch'd in her Daughter's ‡ duteous Lap,
 Erewhile from many a flowing Pap
 She drain'd nectareous Springs:

* Enquire for the Truth of this Assertion of Mr. *De Luc*, Lord G.
G--m--ne's favourite *Frenchman*, who commanded a Band of *scalping Indians*
 against *our American Brethren*, and whose Evidence has since been used to
 slander and accuse Gen. *Burgoyne* most falsely.

† Mutilated and dismembered by the late irreparable Loss of her Co-
lonies.

‡ *America*.

Now

Now *Policy*'s imperious Force
 Hath rashly stopp'd *Affection*'s Source,
*Resistance** rears its Stings†

Against a *Parent*'s Life—Alas!

The very Reptile in the Grass

With some Resentment burns:‡

If Despot-Man's insulting Heel

Tormenting Pangs shou'd make him feel,

Before he *dies*, he *turns*.

For *England*, thus by *T-r-nts* torn‡,

Of threat'ning Enemies the Scorn,

Where is the Patriot Friend!

* Here I ask the *Junto*, one of whom would be thought *astute* in Points of *Civil Law* (in that Branch which respects *Nations* particularly), Whether *Resistance* is not just, when the *Liberty* of a Country, by the *unjust* Government of others, is reduced to *the last Resort*?—Answer me, thou *Puffendorff* of the *Scotch Junto*!—thou *Drances* of the little *Cabinet*!

† One of the Devices on the military Standards of the *American States* is a *Rattle-Snake*, with this Motto—"Do not tread upon me."

‡ Torn from *America* by the *political* Hands of *B—* and *M—*.

G

Who

Who does not heave a tender Sigh?
 Yet who durst lift that poniard high
 Which all her Foes would end?

O! for a *Brutus*! in worse Days
 Than ever made a *Brutus* raise
 His Hand in Freedom's Cause:
 Some Patriot 'wake!—and strike!—nor let
*Felton** in British Annals get
 Unparallel'd Applause!

* Lord Clarendon, like a true royal Cavalier, has most sycophantically recorded *Felton* as a *Madman*—*Credat Judæus*—So was the first and second *Brutus*, perhaps.—*Felton*, that brave *Madman* (if he was a *Madman*), freed *England* from that royal Minion, *Villiers*, Duke of *Buckingham*, who was at once, not only the presumptuous Dictator and Governor, but also the abject Sycophant, Slave, and Catamite, of a most pious Court—Shameful Records, under the Hand-Writing of K. *Jammy* the First, and his Bosom-Counsellor and Playfellow, *Villiers*, now in the British Museum, prove this beyond a Doubt—*Proh! Pudor!*—If any Reader doubts, let him ask at the British Museum for the Manuscript Letters between *James* the First and the Duke of *Buckingham*—Where, or when, will *Britain*, insulted by a *Scotish* Minion, find another *Felton*?—Tell me, worthy *Thane*!—As your Friend *Horace* (whom you affect to admire) says, "*Quando aliquem invenies parem?*"—When shall we hear you cry out, like an expiring *Caledonian* Pedant,

"*Nunc aliè Vulnus adaptum*"?

F I N I S.

POEMS lately published by J. BEW, No. 28, in Pater-
Noster-Row.

I. Price One Shilling, the 2d Edition of
THE WATCH, an Ode. Humbly inscribed to the
Right Hon. the Earl of M---f---d.

To which is added,
THE GENIUS OF AMERICA TO GEN. CARLETON. An Ode.

Timeo Danaos et Dona ferentes.
France sends a Present; England smiles and listens;
Remember, Sire, "All is not Gold that glistens."

"The subject of this lively Ode is the present of a Watch which the King is said to have received lately from the French Court. Though the poet has not perhaps made the most of the idea, his Ode has much merit, and contains some strokes of true wit. The motto from Virgil is apt, and we have little doubt that our poet's Watch will go, and turn out to be a repeater."—Vide Critical Review, February, 1778.

II. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,
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"Ill stand,
"As if a Man were Author of himself,
"And knew no other Kin."

SHAKESP. Coriolanus.—Picture of Obstinate Perseverance.

III. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,
TYRANNY the WORST TAXATION, a Poetical
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Prime M—r.

"In Poison there is Physic." SHAKESPEAR.

IV. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,
An Epistle to W-----m E--l of M---f---d, the most
unpopular Man in the Kingdom, except his ———
and L—d B—.

"A hovering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine Eyes at once see Good and Evil,
Inclining to them both."

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If *Knave*'ry grows *ridiculous*, I'll paint it.

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